CIVIL WAR II: ULYSSES

MARVEL INFINITE COMICS

004

HEY!

HEY!

MY NAME IS *ULYSSES*. I'M AN *INHUMAN*, APPARENTLY.

A DUDE CALLED *KARNAK* IS HELPING ME WITH MY *INHUMAN POWERS*.

APPARENTLY.

EXCEPT...I SEE VISIONS OF THE *FUTURE*. HORRIBLE, TRAUMATIC THINGS. *DISASTERS.*

PLEASE! *SOMEONE!*

AND I SAW A *MONORAIL CRASH* COMING THAT KILLED *DOZENS* OF PEOPLE. MAYBE *HUNDREDS.*

AND WHEN I TOLD KARNAK...

...HE DIDN'T *CARE.*

CIVIL WAR II: ULYSSES

TOWER OF WISDOM, PART IV

AL EWING: WRITER KARL KESEL: LAYOUTS JEFTE PALO: ARTIST NICK FILARDI: COLORIST VC's CLAYTON COWLES: LETTERER
FRANCESCO FRANCAVILLA: COVER DARREN SHAN: EDITOR NICK LOWE: EXECUTIVE EDITOR ANNIE CHENG: PRODUCTION
TIM SMITH 3: PRODUCTION MANAGER AXEL ALONSO: EDITOR IN CHIEF JOE QUESADA: CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY: PUBLISHER ALAN FINE: EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

© 2016 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

A DANK CELL,
IN A LONELY PART OF THE TOWER.

SOMEONE HELP!

IT'S AN EMERGENCY!

I'M BEING HELD *AGAINST* MY *WILL*, AND--

IS ANYONE *THERE?*

OH, CRAP.
IS ANYONE THERE?
HELLO?

MAYBE IF I--

UNNF--

OH, CRAP.

NOBODY.

THIS IS BAD--

HELLO? ANYONE?!

IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, I'M BEING HELD PRISONER!

THIS IS BAD, THIS IS BAD--

PEOPLE ARE GOING TO *DIE* UNLESS I--

OH, COME ON--

ARRRGGHH--

COME ON! THIS ISN'T--

KRKK

???

KRAKK

!!!

OWW!

...THIS PLACE MUST BE REALLY *OLD.*

OKAY, THEN. PLAN B.
SKRIIK SKRIIIK

SKRIIK
SKRIIIK
KIND OF FUNNY, REALLY. AFTER ALL THAT *YELLING*...

...I'M HOPING SOMEONE *DOESN'T* COME FIND ME.

ESPECIALLY NOT *KARNAK.*

...

WHERE *IS* HE, ANYWAY?

MR. KARNAK, SIR?

PORTLAND INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

WE'VE SPOKEN TO AGENT *COULSON*, AND YOUR *S.H.I.E.L.D. CLEARANCE* CHECKS OUT.

ALTHOUGH... AH...

HE ASKED US WHY YOU WERE TRAVELING BY *PLANE.*

RIGHT.

IT WAS, *UH,* OUR *UNDERSTANDING* THAT INHUMANS HAD THEIR *OWN* METHODS OF TRANSPORT.

THE TELEPORTING DOG.

RIGHT. THE TELEPORTING DOG.

I WANT TO SAY... *GRIDLOCK...?*

LOCKJAW.

LOCKJAW IS THE TELEPORTING DOG.

YEAH? *HUH.*

I THOUGHT THAT WAS THE GUY WITH THE *HOOVES.*

WE DO HAVE A TELEPORTING DOG. YES.
BUT TRAVEL BY INHUMAN *METHODS* WOULD REQUIRE INHUMAN *INVOLVEMENT.*

AND *THIS* JOURNEY...I TAKE *ALONE.*

TODAY I AM NEITHER AN *INHUMAN,* NOR A *S.H.I.E.L.D. CONSULTANT.*

I AM *KARNAK.*

THAT IS ALL.

WELL, EITHER WAY, YOUR CLEARANCE CHECKS OUT.

RIGHT. YOU'RE FREE TO *PROCEED*, MR. KARNAK.

ALTHOUGH, *UH*... WHY *ARE* YOU HERE, EXACTLY?

18

WELCOME

...

ELCOME

WELCOME
18
TRAINSPOTTING.

KRAAKK

HHNAAHH!

DONE. THANK GOD. THAT TOOK *HOURS.*

BUT I *THINK* THAT'S ENOUGH SPACE--

COAST IS CLEAR--

OW--WHY DID I ALWAYS SKIP GYM CLASS?

THIS SUCKS--

!!!

OW.

OKAY.

OKAY.

YOU'RE SWEATY, YOU'RE STARVING AND YOUR *BRUISES* HAVE BRUISES.

BUT YOU'RE OUT OF THE ROOM, AT LEAST.

NOW YOU HAVE TO GET OUT OF THE *TOWER.*

OH.
CRAP.

THE KITCHEN.

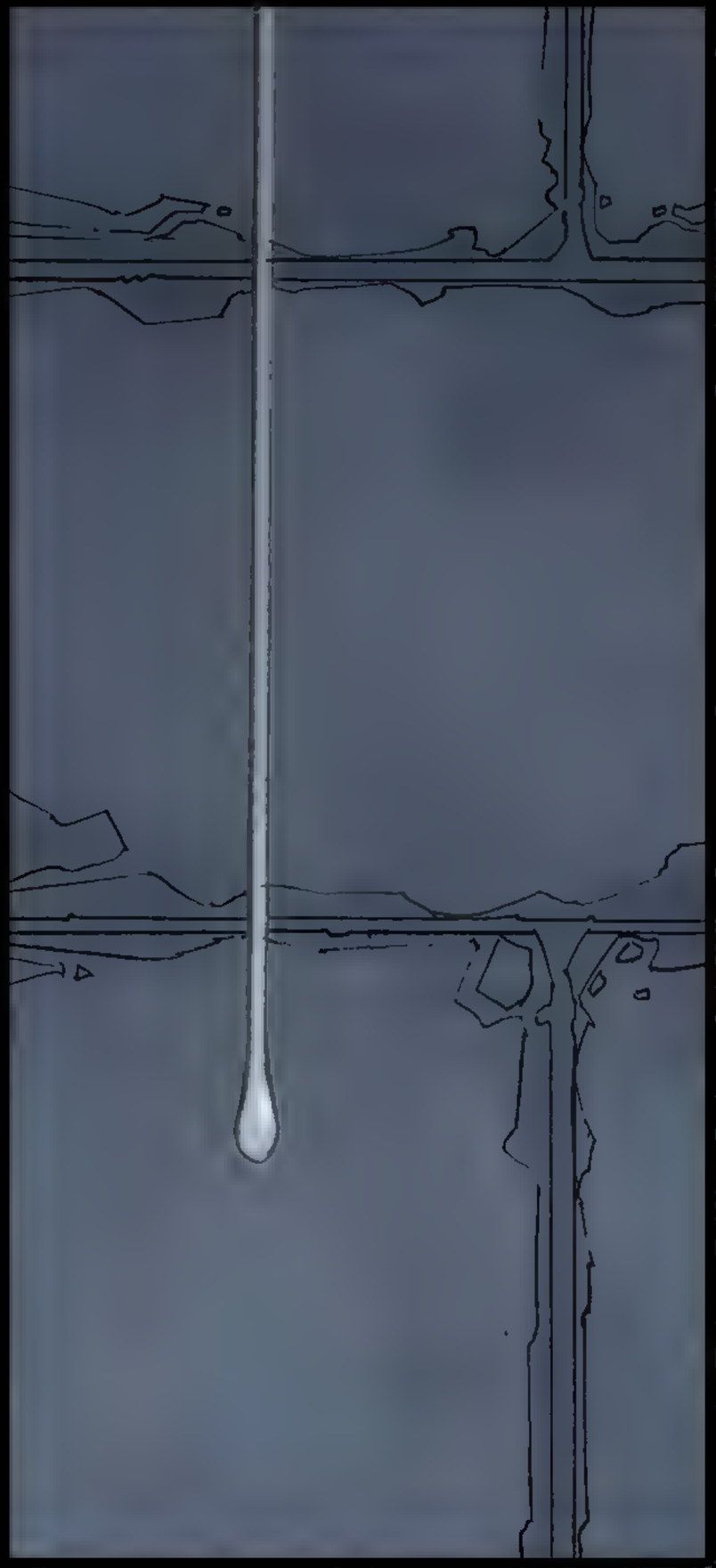
TONGUE'S IN THERE. THE CREEPY CHEF.

WHO TASTES PEOPLE.

KEEP IT TOGETHER...

FEE.

FIE.



FO.

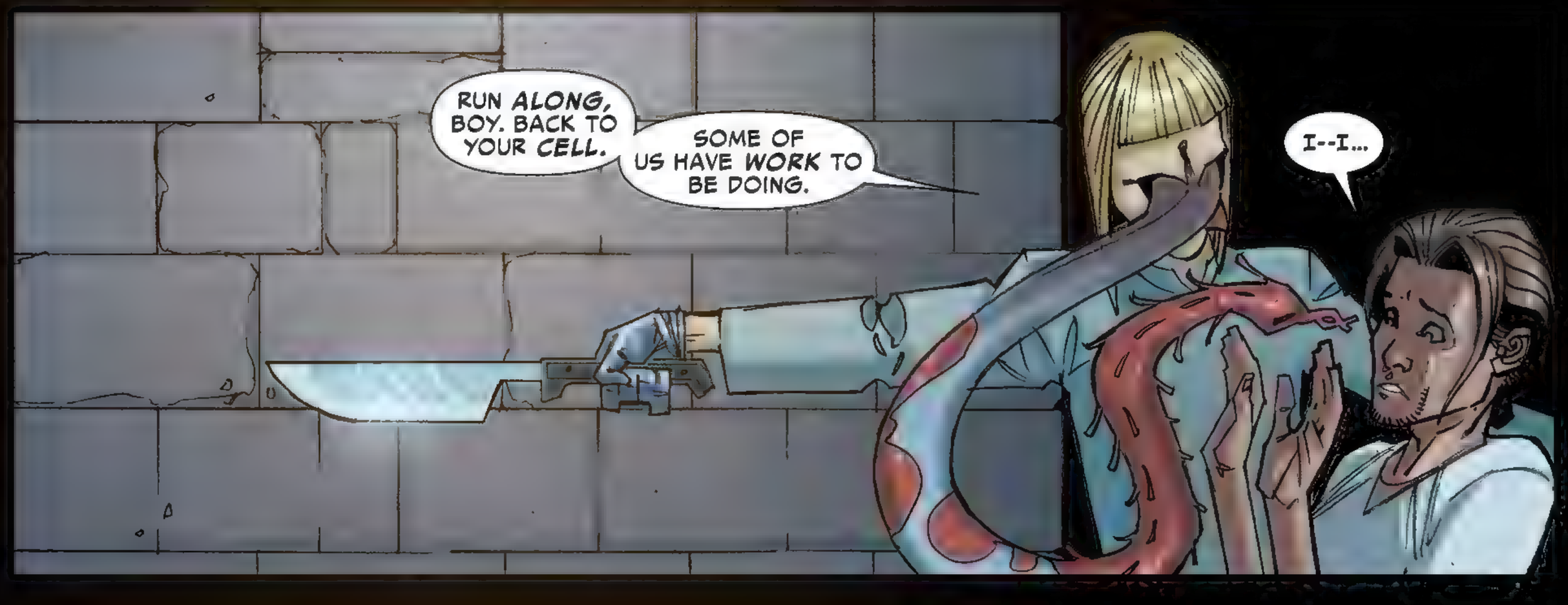
AND
FUM.

I
TASTE

THE SWEAT

OF
AN IN
HU
MAN.

THE ONE WHO THINKS I'M SO DISGUSTING.


RUN ALONG, BOY. BACK TO YOUR CELL.
SOME OF US HAVE WORK TO BE DOING.
I--I...

...THERE'S GOING TO BE A CRASH. SOME KIND OF TRAIN WRECK.
I G-GET THESE VISIONS, AND--

AND DID YOU INFORM THE *MAGISTER* OF YOUR... VISION?

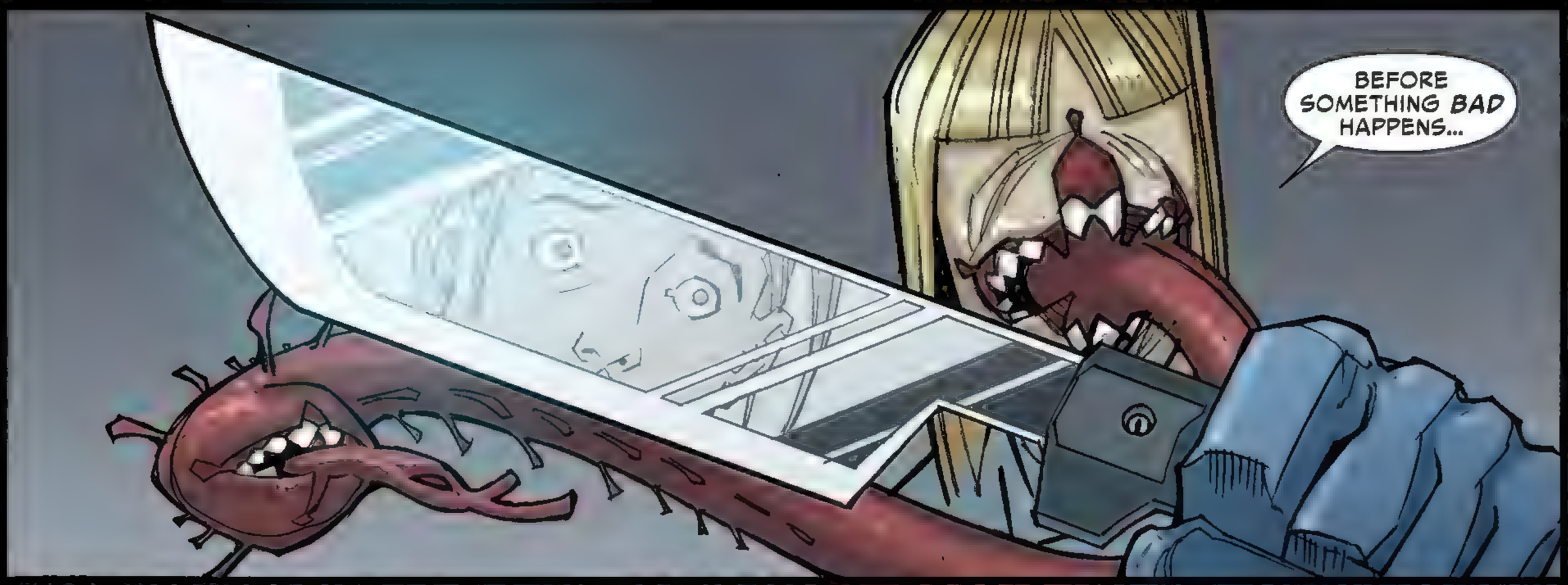
Y-YES-- BUT--

--HE WON'T DO *ANYTHING*--

HMM.

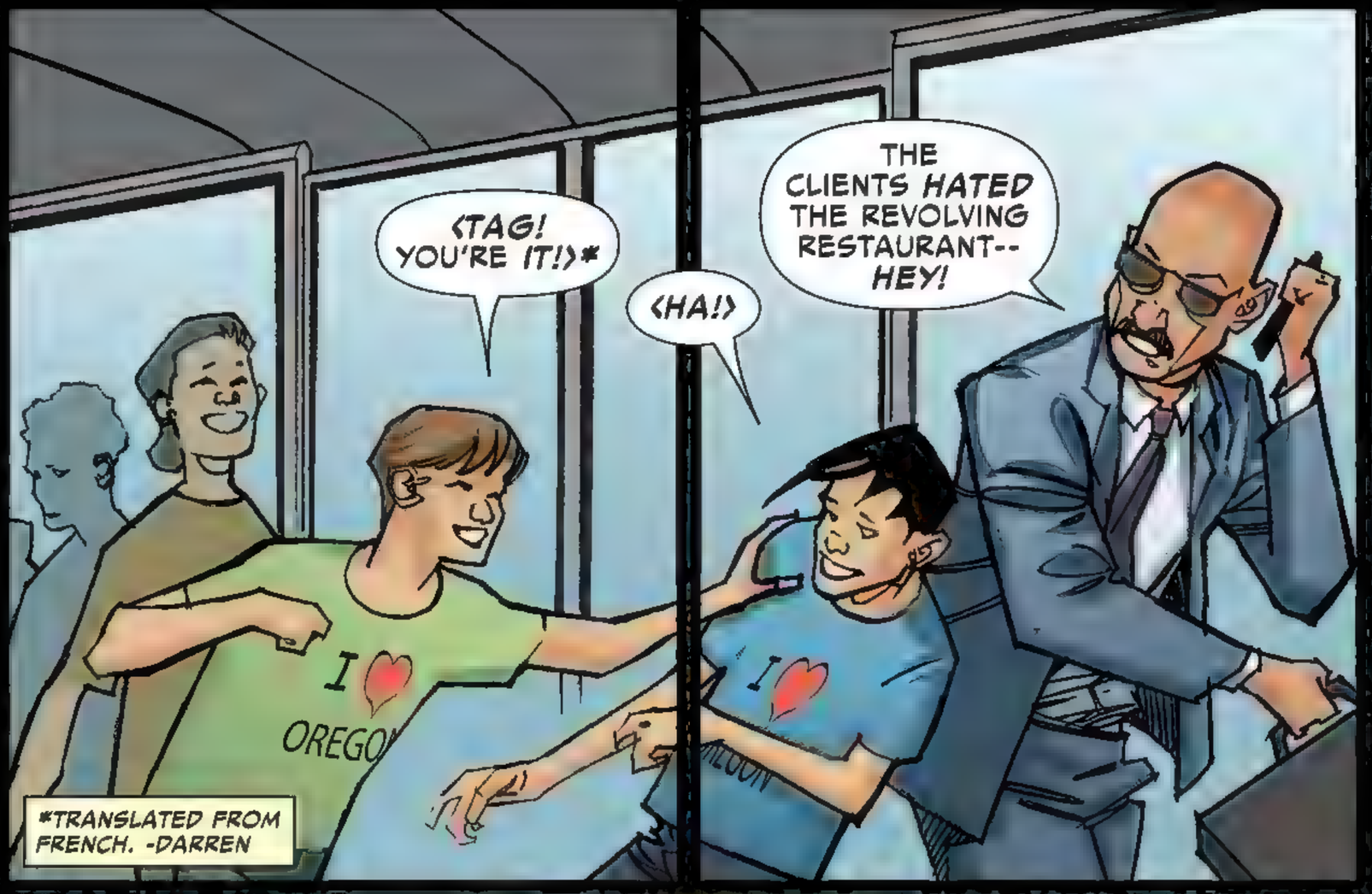
IF THE MAGISTER WON'T *DO* ANYTHING, IT'S NOT WORTH DOING ANYTHING *ABOUT*. IN MY EXPERIENCE.

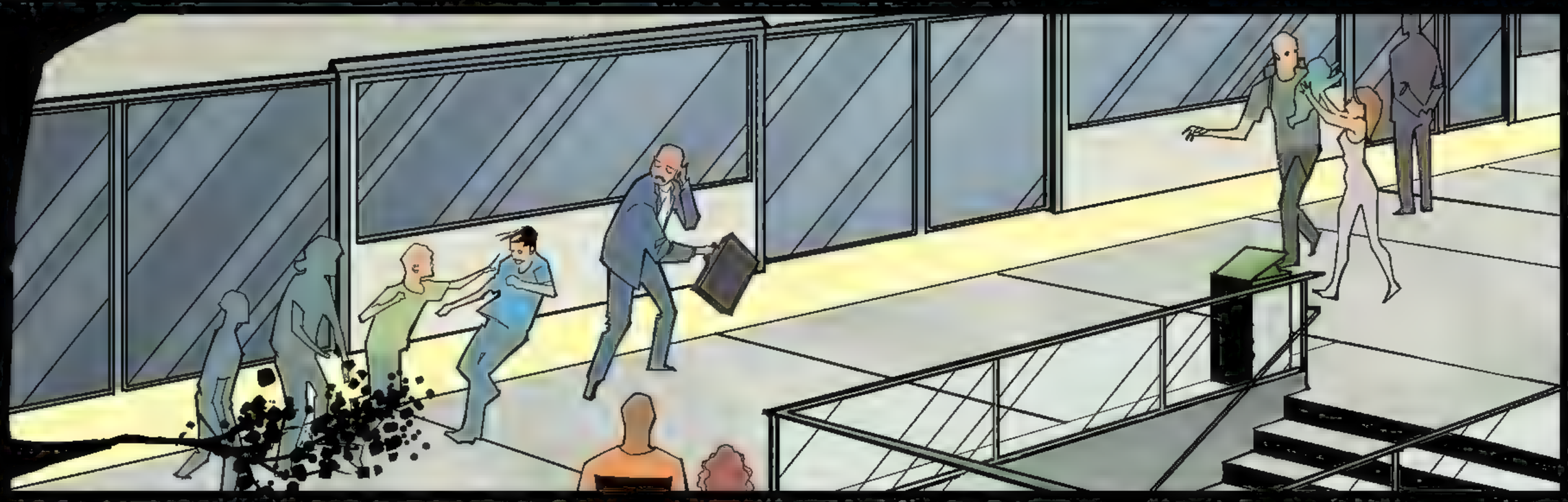
RUN ALONG BACK TO YOUR *CELL*, LITTLE BOY.


BEFORE SOMETHING BAD HAPPENS...

JAN?
IT'S ME.

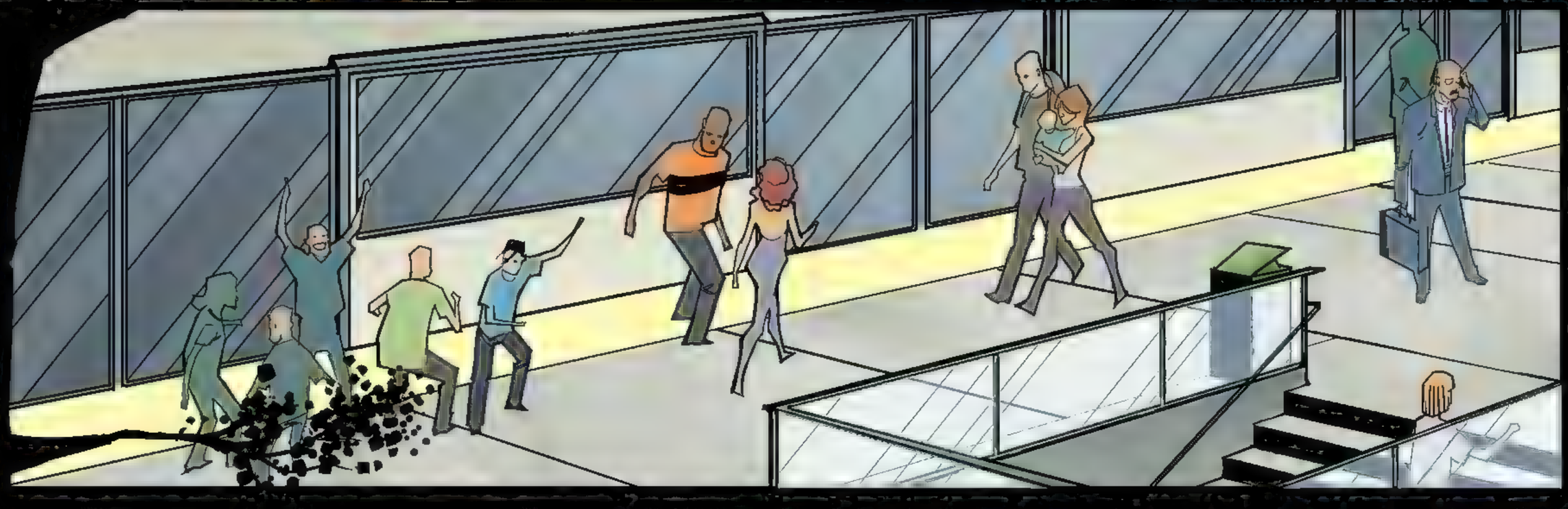
THE STARK NEEDLE MONORAIL.
YEAH, IT'S BAD NEWS.

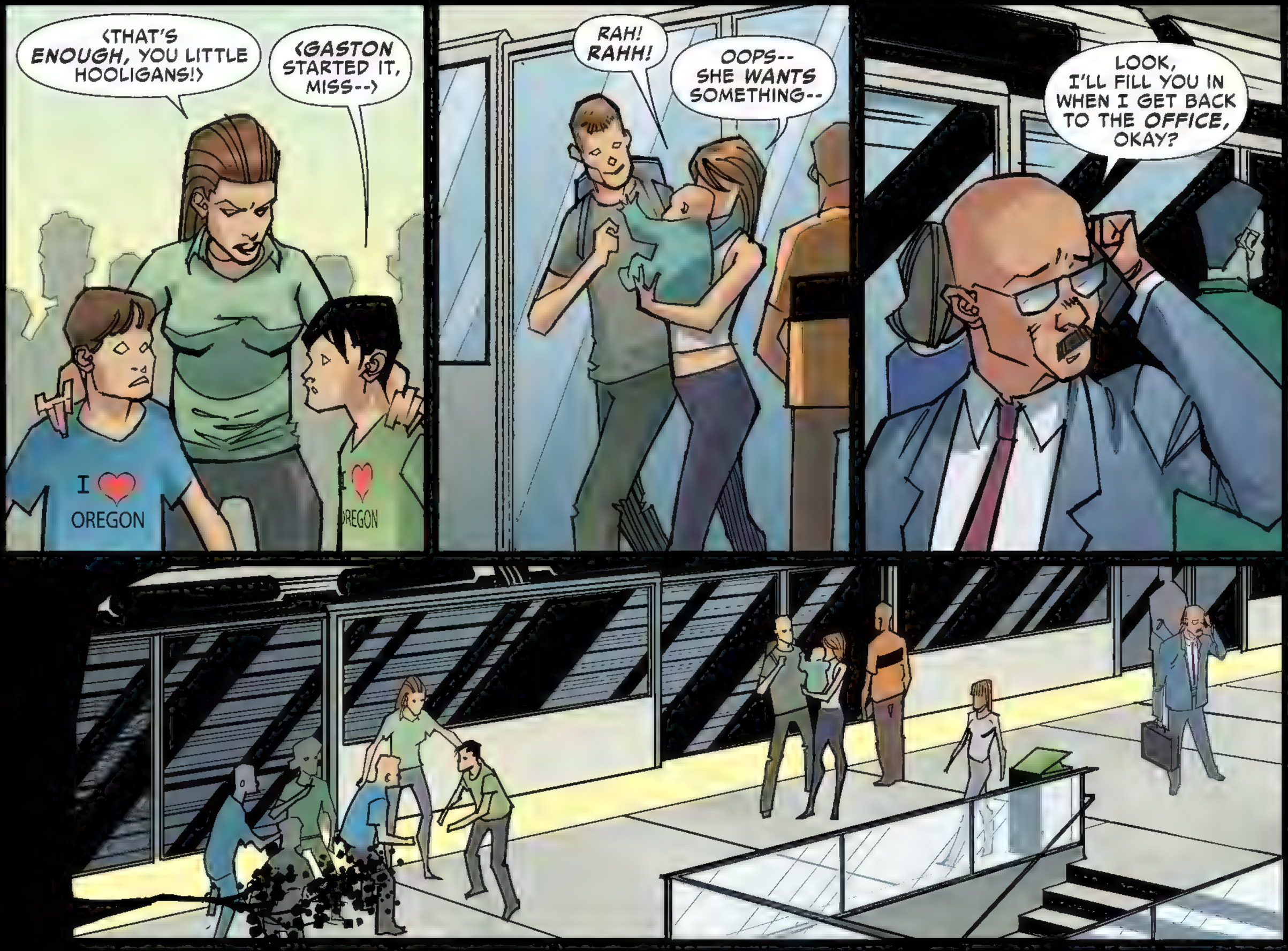

«TAG! YOU'RE IT!»*
«HA!»
THE CLIENTS HATED THE REVOLVING RESTAURANT-- HEY!
*TRANSLATED FROM FRENCH. -DARREN

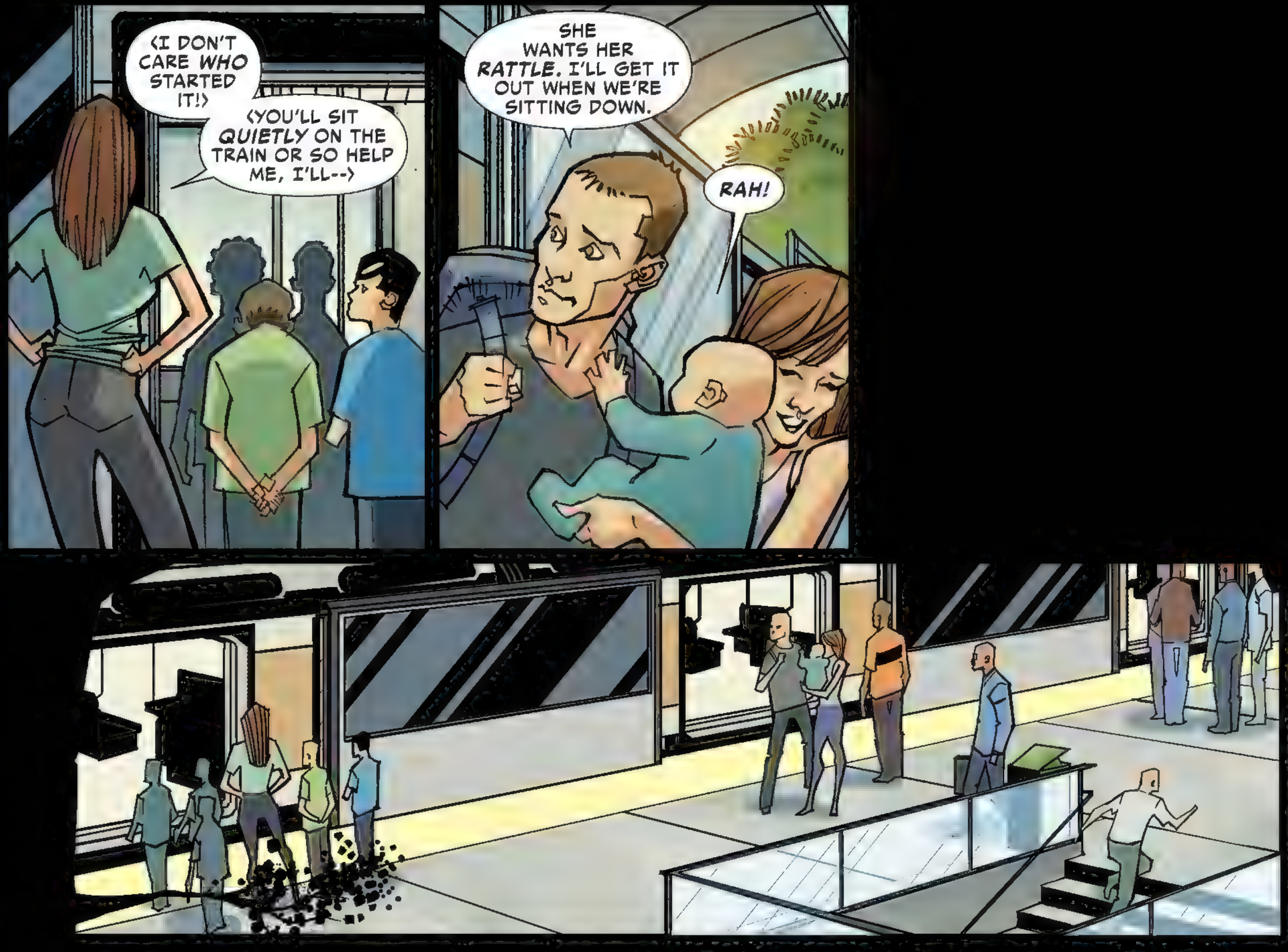


‹HEY!›
‹JEAN-LUC'S IT!›
‹SHUT UP! YOU'RE IT!›

WHAT? OH, NOTHING.
LOUSY KIDS...

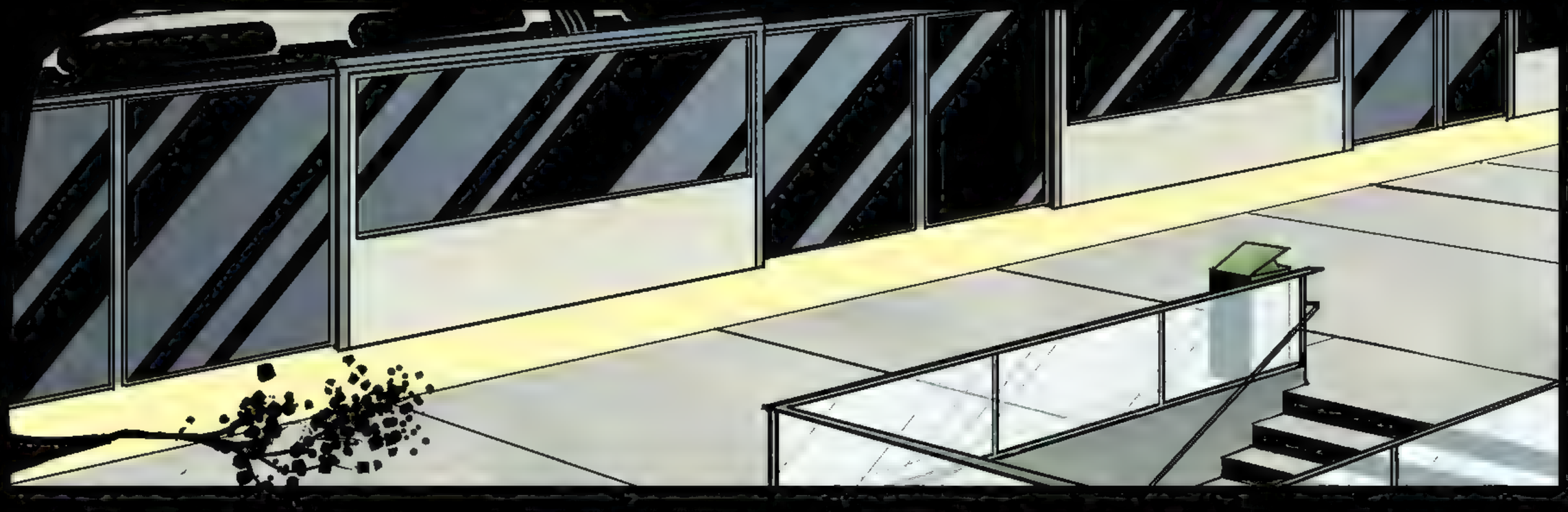



〈THAT'S ENOUGH, YOU LITTLE HOOLIGANS!〉
〈GASTON STARTED IT, MISS--〉
I ♥ OREGON
I ♥ OREGON
RAH! RAHH!
OOPS-- SHE WANTS SOMETHING--
LOOK, I'LL FILL YOU IN WHEN I GET BACK TO THE OFFICE, OKAY?


(I DON'T CARE WHO STARTED IT!)
(YOU'LL SIT QUIETLY ON THE TRAIN OR SO HELP ME, I'LL-->
SHE WANTS HER RATTLE. I'LL GET IT OUT WHEN WE'RE SITTING DOWN.
RAH!

LOOK, SWEETIE! WE'RE ON A MONORAIL!
BAW!

CAN YOU SAY "MONORAIL"?



NOW.

NOW WE'LL SEE...

TO BE CONTINUED...

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"